



The Man that marched on Rush Street



crazy

illness

mental

17 0 2

Chapter 1 by ElaborateMe

There he is, right on time.

The man with the long scraggly beard dressed in tattered clothing paces from one end of Rush Street to the other.

He starts his walk every morning at eight o'clock sharp and doesn't go back inside until six in the afternoon.

He walks back and forth with a tightened, hunched posture. Every muscle on his body is tense and firm as he makes his way down the broken sidewalk. His gaze is fixed straight ahead, and not even the loudest of distractions phase him.

Dilated pupils push his dark brown eyes outward, exiling them into a white sea of swollen blood vessels.

The August sun relentlessly pounds against his forehead, summoning beads of sweat that form rivers running down his face. He doesn't bother to wipe it away. His fists remain clenched and

his arms do not waver from their position at his side.

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Even the maddest of men cannot resist the pull of one's nose or the burning salt that sears the

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Perhaps he remains unphased because he is not here. Maybe these annoyances don't exist to someone that has fueled their imagination with fantasy and departed to another reality.

But where is he going?

What has him so focused on reaching his destination that not even the blare of car horns or the poking of pestering children can pull him from his dream world?

While most look at him with eyes full of pity, I envy him. I'm still tied to this earth with worries, emotions, and responsibilities while he appears to be on an incredible journey in a faraway land.

I take one last drag off of my cigarette and make my way back into the house to get ready for work.

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